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Vol. LXXXII No. 6

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

MARCH, 1917

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Eighty-second Volume with the number for October, 1916. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the University. In the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in Osborn Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduates, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 20th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is $3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Business Manager or his authorized agents, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store and book stores. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Business Manager.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications with regard to the EDITORIAL MANAGEMENT of the periodical must be addressed to ALFRED RAYMOND BELLINGER, Chairman. Communications with regard to the BUSINESS MANAGEMENT, to JAMES REED SANDERSON, Business Manager. Both should be sent care of THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

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YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXII MARCH, 1917 No. 6

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1917.
ALFRED RAYMOND BELLINGER SAMUEL SLOAN DURYEE
PERCIVAL GRAY HART ROBERT PAUL PFLIEGER
CHARLES MORTON STEWART, III.

BUSINESS MANAGER,
JAMES REED SANDERSON.

SHOULD STUDENTS STUDY?

UNDER this caption in the September *Harper's* appeared an article by President W. T. Foster which might be read with great profit by any undergraduate in this or any other American college. The immediate object of his investigation was the too general belief that a man's career is in no way affected by his scholastic standing as an undergraduate, and the still stronger feeling that it is a simple matter for anyone who so desires to compensate his omissions in college with a brilliant record as a graduate student. The fallacy of those legends he disproved swiftly, dispassionately and completely by a survey of the actual records, collegiate, graduate and professional, of a large number of students. It is positively startling to find how very small a percentage of those who drift through college pull themselves together sufficiently to attain success in their chosen walks of life, and it is pleasant to notice how large a proportion of those who have gone through college with distinction retain and improve that advantage through all the rest of their lives. The statistics themselves might be quoted here, but it is hardly fair to select portions of Mr. Foster's exposition without presenting his whole case, which is not here desirable. Suffice it to say that the unavoidable conclusion of his research is that post-graduate success is

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in a very real fashion connected with undergraduate scholastic achievement. That is a phase of the question which should rightly appeal strongly to all those who possess the normal young man's desire for success.

But, after all, the more we look at the question the more evident it becomes that it has broader aspects incapable of being reduced to figures and proportions. It involves the very essence of our present purpose. Few indeed reach Senior year without asking the question, "Why are we here?", and many, and often fantastic, are the answers wherewith men satisfy themselves. A large number, perhaps the majority, would say, "To learn to know men." That is indeed a high and worthy ambition and one entirely in sympathy with the true function of a college when, and only when, it is so pursued as to run parallel to the pursuit of knowledge. The friendships that are made between men of self-respect in the course of work to which they are unreservedly giving the best there is in them, are very precious—so fine and so rare that it is almost profanity to believe that the mutual attraction of idleness can adequately replace it. If we are bent upon getting acquainted with men here, let us come to know their best selves, that part of them wherewith they seek and overcome and attain. If our friendships are to be worth having they must have a foundation of respect, and respect can be engendered only in the worthy and the serious things of life. It would be folly to deny that there is great charm in the incidental and trivial acquaintances that chance and propinquity bring to us. Yet how barren of human experience must be his four years who can carry from this place no more deeply rooted friendships than the delightful but mushroomlike affairs that grow about the tables at Mory's or on the way to and from the movies.

But the purpose to know men is hardly sufficient to explain our presence here. Knowing men is one of the great purposes of human life and one which extends itself into every aspect and department of our existence. Yet, without ancillary purposes, it is as powerless to give a man completeness or success as is sunshine to make summer with no leaves on the trees. In whatever walk we are cast there must be guides and motives

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to our actions to make them effective. And with us at college the great motive should be learning, the great guide the course of study. It is so easy to ridicule the scholar—so easy to say shallow, semi-cynical things about the value of book learning, that we too easily forget that book learning is in fact a great asset the lack of which can be supplied only with long years of tireless labor. Not to grasp it while it is within our reach is the folly of sapient immaturity. Learning may not be the finest thing in the world but it is past doubting among the world's finest things and it would do us all good to remind ourselves of that occasionally. Whatever its comparative importance in the scale of things, its absolute importance to the college is paramount. The college exists to produce educated men, and if the dismal day should ever come when men came from the college without the ideal of education in them, the whole system will have served its purpose and be discarded with the other outworn inessentials of humanity. However attractive and fine may be the by-products of the college, we must never forget that its great contribution to civilization is education, and for that reason students should study *first* and play and make friends and be merry afterwards.

It seems as though the duty and the opportunity for study must present itself to the reasonable ambition of young men as a matter of the first importance. It is the biggest thing we can do here, and there is something radically wrong with any man who is not looking for big things to do in the spring of his life. We may amuse ourselves and others with the production of youthful art and youthful thought—a most desirable occupation, but one which can hardly become our mainstay because of the scantiness of our wisdom and experience. We may play brilliantly to be idolized by this generation and forgotten by the next. We may drift and make no mark on this generation or any other.—And the big things of the present age are beyond us yet. The fate of nations may interest us—it should, it does—but it is beyond our grasp. But we can learn! In these days of preparation for the mighty things of life, we can fill ourselves with the accumulated wisdom of our fathers so that, when our hour of testing comes our strength shall be the combined strength of all the generations of our forebears.

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Three years ago Mr. Douglas wrote an editorial in the *News* entitled "The Dregs." Most of the Senior class will remember the bitter invective with which that ungentle handling of the intellectual lightweights of the college world was greeted. Yet, though there were many cries of protest, there was very little valid refutation. I have no desire to underestimate the many virtues of the unstudious, but my thesis, like Mr. Douglas', is, that be he who or what he will, if a man does not study, his place is not here.

Alfred Raymond Bellinger.

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LETTERS TO CHILDREN.

DIARIES and letters, allusive, confidential, intimate with tiny detail are the femininely charming of literature; broken reflections, as in my lady's mirror, over a gleaming shoulder, of the passage of life spelt with a small and personal "I." Says James Howell, "It is a quaint difference the Ancients did put 'twixt a letter and an Oration, that the one should be attired like a Woman, the other like a Man." Surely they move with an air of mystery and carry adorable secrets. Some letters have a way of seeming veritably to *whisper* to one—to stand a-tiptoe to exchange a never-to-be-repeated confidence. Even their comings and goings are more gracious than is common with downright Man. Note how they smile up from the heavy-faced assemblage of printed-matter and notices at the breakfast table—parted lips, one might almost imagine, withholding and revealing—the bar of prospective opening, getting through greeting and small-talk—deliciously anticipatory—creating a pause in thought before reading, as the pause in conversation as the sex enters the room. One finds a milder thrill in cutting the unbroken wrapper of a late magazine: like making a new acquaintance, reputedly literary, "interesting" according to report: Certainly a sober sort of delight, contained and well within bounds. But opening a letter....Remember Emily Dickinson, shutting and bolting her door against interruption, retiring "the furthest off, to counteract a knock." Imagine any one taking such precaution before cutting leaves in the latest Geological Survey.

Children's letters and letters to children from age, when it has kept alive its old-time delight in pure nonsense and perhaps the sympathetic interest in the affairs of youth are the equal of the best of the self-conscious correspondence of maturity. Dip anywhere into Mr. Dodgson's utterly charming letters—

MY DEAR E——

Though rushing, rapid rivers roar between us, (if you refer to the map of England, I think you'll find that to be correct) we still remember each other and feel a sort of shivery affection for each other....

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"Shivery"—a delicious phrase, and doesn't it seem to *whisper* —to stand a-tiptoe (if an elderly gentleman can be conceived standing on tiptoe to a little girl!) with a quaint urgency and impressment to be heard? Lewis Carroll is the undisputed Prince Charming of the Child-Wonderland. He sparkles — bubbles continually with inconsequential gaiety—pure Greek in sunshiny disregard of Time and the Gods. He is of the true aristocracy of childhood. Witness the complete social ease. This is written on a piece of brown paper, torn from some bundle he was carrying—

"Yes, my child, if all be well, I shall hope, and you may fear that the train reaching Hook at two eleven will contain,

Your loving friends,

LEWIS CARROLL AND C. L. DODGSON."

And he could afford to be stern, and refuse engagements. His social standing was assured—

MY DEAR GAYNOR—

My name is spelt with a "G", that is to say "Dodgson". Anyone who spells it the same as that wretch (I mean, of course, the Chairman of Committees in the House of Commons) offends me *deeply and forever*. It is a thing I can forget, I never can forgive.

As to dancing, my dear, I *never* dance unless I am allowed to do it *in my own peculiar way*. There is no use trying to describe it. It has to be seen to be believed. The last house I tried it in, the floor broke through. But then it was a poor sort of floor—the beams were only six inches thick....Did you ever see the Hippopotamus and the Rhinoceros at the Zoölogical gardens, trying to dance a minuet together? It is a touching sight.

Give any message from me to Amy that you think will be most likely to surprise her, and believe me,

Your affectionate friend,

LEWIS CARROLL.

It is a chastening experience to read Lewis Carroll's letters—one thinks of one's own last essay in that direction, when one patted the neighbor's child on an (justly) exasperated head, and inquired about its dollies—the child's one response to this, being, apparently a desire to go somewhere and kick a tree. But there is many another scholar in this wide field, to be found in the most surprising places. Lord Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh Review,* writes to his granddaughter (one may find it in that pleasant gentleman's most pleasant little book, Mr. E. V. Lucas' "Gentlest Art"), Lord Jeffrey writes to her with an allusiveness and ease springing only from the most genuine culture—reveals an astonishing familiarity of acquaintance with all the dogs and

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children of the neighborhood. And the Bishop Walsham How (an unmistakable Gilbert and Sullivan name, an advantage to start with) writes most eloquently in the same vein to the children of the Reverend Daniel Tyson,

> "Now the Bishop he craftily planned to arrive
> At the nursery door at a quarter past five."

But he found them "not at home," and the result was poetry, in the best literary tradition.

Dip once more into the spring of Hippocrene—The writer will stand warrant that it is exhaustlessly fresh and diverting. Charles Dickens, author, as you may know, of Nicholas Nickleby, writes to Master Hastings Hughes:—

RESPECTED SIR:—

I have given Squeers one cut on the head and two on the neck, at which he appeared very much surprised and began to cry, which, being a cowardly thing, is exactly what I should have expected from him, wouldn't you? ....I have carefully done what you told me in your letter about the lamb and the two "sheeps" for the little boys....Nicholas had his roast lamb, as you said he was to, but he could not eat it all, and says, if you do not mind his doing so he should like to have the rest hashed to-morrow with some greens, which he is very fond of, and so am I....

Fanny Squeers shall be attended to, depend upon it! Your drawing of her is very like except that I don't think the hair is quite curly enough. The nose is particularly like hers and so are the legs. She is a nasty, disagreeable thing, and I know it will make her very cross when she sees it, and what I say is, I hope it may. You will say the same, I know, at least I think you will.

I meant to have written you a very long letter, but I cannot write very fast when I like the person I am writing to because it makes me think of them, and I like you and so I tell you. Besides, it is eight o'clock.... So I will say no more besides this—and that is my love to you and Neptune. And if you will drink my health every Christmas Day, I will drink yours. Come—Respected Sir, I am

Your Affectionate Friend,

CHAS. DICKENS.

P. S. I don't write my name very plain, but you know what it is, you know, so never mind.

Rather less courtly and dainty than the delicate fancies of our Prince Charming of Wonderland. One must remember that Charles Dickens is writing to Young England, sturdy, square, with a hatred of sentiment and a love of cricket, probably, and properly. Besides, Lewis Carroll liked little girls, and Charles Dickens little boys, and you see there is a difference.

And the other side of the mirror, the right side, in which one may see childhood full-face, and not by broken reflections and indirection, as in the letters of the lovers of it—Let Marjorie Fleming answer from the accumulated wisdom of eight-years,

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in a letter surely worthy of Lady Mary Montague herself. Delicious whispered confidences concerning people one knows *nothing* about—but exciting, because they *are* confidences. All woman at eight years!

"My Dear Isa

I now sit down to answer all your kind and beloved letters which you was so good as to write me. This is the first time I ever wrote a letter in my life. There are a great many girls in our block, and they cry just like a pig when we are under the painful necessity of putting it to death. Miss Potune, a lady of my acquaintance, praises me dreadfully. I repeated something out of Dean Swift and she said I was fit to go on the stage and you may believe I was primmed up with Majestick Pride. But upon my word I felt myself turning a little birsay—birsay is a word which is a word which William composed which is as you may suppose a little enraged—This horrid fat simpleton says that my aunt is beautiful which is entirely impossible for that is not her nature...."

Why is it that the fine old art of leisure and the fine old practice of letter-writing have gone from among us, and become part of the fragrant literary tradition of our past? For gone they have and are not to be recaptured save in the quiet eddies and backwaters of great cities. One likes to think of it as still surviving—somewhere off Washington Square, we should picture it —where "fragile" old ladies still indite graceful epistles in the Spencerian hand — the ghostly shadow of old lace, and rustle of hoopskirts still clinging about high, old-fashioned rooms. But childhood and the letters of childhood must always be the same, for children are primitive men and have not changed from the time of the Little Greek Theon, reproaching his father, "It's a fine thing you wouldn't take me to Alexandria!" to the present enlightened period. This sketch is by way of pulling aside the sliding panel giving on the most secret of rooms, hung, to push the figure, with those tiny medallions and miniatures of the literary art. It is to open a doorway—too small for most who come to it in the conscious pride of full intellectual stature —requiring the magic medicine, which you remember, was labeled "Drink Me",—a cordial invitation to any one who has a reminiscent imagination going back to the time when we, even we too, used to wait palpitatingly to find certain exciting letters in the hollow post, under the white lilac, second to the right of the sumacs, beyond Pucks hill—if they are to go with Alice into that hidden garden.

Pierson Underwood.

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THE PORTRAIT OF A BABY.

He lay within a warm soft world
Of motion. Colors bloomed and fled,
Maroon and turqouise, saffron, red,
Wave upon wave that broke and whirled
To vanish in the grey-green gloom,
Perspectiveless and shadowy.
A bulging world, most like the sea,
Within a shapeless, ebbing room,
An endless tide that flows and falls.....
He slept and woke and slept again.
As a veil drops, Time dropped away;
Space grew a toy for childrens' play,
Sleep bolted fast the gates of Sense—
He lay in naked impotence;
Like a drenched moth that seeks the sun
To fall in wreck, its task undone.
So, as he slept, his hands clenched tighter,
Shut in the old way of the fighter,
His feet curled up to grip the ground,
His muscles tautened for a bound;
And though he felt, and felt alone,
Strange brightness stirred him to the bone,
Cravings to rise—till deeper sleep
Buried the hope, the call, the leap,
A wind puffed out the mind's faint spark,
He was absorbed into the dark.

He woke again, and felt a surge
Within him, a mysterious urge,
That grew one hungry flame of passion;
The whole world altered shape and fashion.
Deceived, befooled, bereft and torn,
He scourged the heavens with his scorn—
Till, suddenly, he found the breast,

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And ceased, and all things were at rest,
The earth grew one warm languid sea
And he a wave. Joy, tingling, crept
Throughout him. He was quenched and slept.

So, while the moon made broad her ring,
He slept and cried, and was a king.
And fed on new experience
Through pulsing tentacles of sense.
So, worthily, he acted o'er
The endless miracle once more.
Facing immense adventures daily
He strove still onward, weeping, gaily—
Till one day crawling seemed suspect.
He gripped the air and stood erect
And splendid. With immortal rage
He entered on man's heritage!

Stephen Vincent Benét.

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"AS A MAN THINKETH—"

ALL about, arising from quiet pools of water, the grim cypress trees stretched their gnarled and writhing branches upward, draped in ghostly festoons of gray Spanish moss intermingled with creeping vines of green. Here and there, above branches of purple asters, hovered frivolous butterflies—red, black, orange, and yellow.

A man plodded mutely along through the swamp, at times splashing in puddles of water, though for the most part the trail was comparatively dry. The delicious pungency of burning pitch pine filled the air, and beyond at a distance was an old log-cabin, from the chimney of which a column of smoke was rising steadily. The cabin was situated on a little knoll, completely surrounded by scrub palmetto. On each side of the door stood sable palms, their tops like feather-dusters, and smooth trunks reaching many feet above the ground.

For a moment the man appeared to be wrapped in the profoundest meditation. While he was gazing at the dreary expanse of swamp, a lonely buzzard, its red neck thrust out, sailed silently over the tree tops with never a movement of the wing. The man, however, with a hopeless shake of his head, again took his course toward the cabin.

As he brushed through the palmetto scrubs about the place, he was welcomed by the surprised grunts of several razor backs rooting about, under the house, raised from the ground by log-posts. It was the typical home of a cracker—the Florida native.

The man paused on the threshold of the cabin and peered inside through the open door.

"Howdy, Stranger," said a lazy voice from the direction of the fireplace, where its owner had been cooking the morning meal.

"Good morning," responded the man.

"Just in time for a bit of breakfast," drawled the cracker, an intelligent looking, sun-browned little man in a red shirt and overalls, as he took a fish out of the sizzling pan and placed it upon the table.

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"Thank you," was the answer.

The cracker placed two mugs on the clothless table, and filled them with milk from an earthern-ware jug. He emptied the rest into a shallow pan and went out through a door on to a small back porch.

"Pedro!" he called, placing the pan of milk at his feet on the porch. He whistled softly several times. There was an answering rustle in the grass near by and the man stepped back into the cabin.

"My name's Dab—Dabney Routon," said the cracker by way of introduction, after he had re-entered and taken a seat across from the Stranger.

"And mine is Raven," volunteered the other, following the suggestion.

"My partner's gone down the river for supplies," remarked the cracker. Few people had reason to pass his secluded cabin and the silent, morbid manner of his mysterious guest made him uneasy.

The man who had given his name as Raven, ate mechanically. It was apparent that he was thinking — thinking unpleasant thoughts. Presently he turned his eyes searchingly upon the little man before him. Slowly his hand moved toward his back pocket where it remained motionless.

"What's the matter with you; what do you want here, anyhow?" burst forth the cracker, unnerved by the unaccountable actions of his guest.

"I will tell you," was the answer, the speaker drawing out a revolver and placing it gently upon the table. The cracker watched, fascinated, unable to move with astonishment. There came a slight rustling sound over the rough boards of the cabin floor, but both men were too absorbed to notice.

"This place is lonely and little frequented. If any one were to——," the stranger nodded significantly toward the weapon on the table without finishing the sentence. He hurriedly went on, "I am too much a coward! Just as I——"

"What can I do about it?" exploded the cracker, almost angrily.

"As I haven't sufficient will power myself," eagerly commenced the stranger, "I thought that perhaps you——" He got no

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further. Instantly his face assumed an expression of utmost horror.

"Don't move for your life!" he breathed.

Partly coiled about the arm of the cracker's chair, but apparently unnoticed by him, was a huge snake, an intense blue-black in color; its throat a warm red. As it gently swayed, darting forth its wicked tongue within a foot of the cracker's face, its long, sinuous body glistened like burnished metal.

With a steady hand the stranger reached for the weapon that lay before him. There followed a deafening report and the snake slid lifeless to the floor.

"I've killed it." There was a distinct tone of triumph in Raven's voice.

"Yes," assented the cracker without emotion. The little man seemed too startled for further utterance.

"Well," said Raven, in a relieved voice after a long pause, during which both men had regarded each other steadily. The cracker noticed a new light in his guest's eye and that he seemed to have lost the tense expression of a man harassed in mind.

"Suppose," and Raven now seemed to be addressing himself, "suppose I had followed out my intention before reaching here." He looked down at the snake—a grotesque heap on the floor—and shuddered almost imperceptibly.

When the departing figure of Raven reached the place where the path back to the river entered the swamp, he turned, waved his hat, and was gone. Dab Routon stepped from the doorway into the cabin, with a shrug of his shoulders as if to dislodge the entire incident from his mind. He was confronted, however, by the object near the table.

"Poor old Pedro," he said, regarding the enormous but harmless gopher snake that lay before him on the floor.

"I'll kind of miss you, Pedro," said the cracker, as he reached for a shovel. "All the extra milk will go to your old enemies, the hogs, and think what a time the rats and mice will have now that you are gone!"

Wood Kahler.

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Ἴτε Βάκχαι.

(Suggested by Euripides' Bacchantes.)
Come from the dusk with your gold locks glinting,
Maidens with fire-eyes, white-footed maidens.
Gird up your fawn-skins, leap to the mountains,
Dionysus calls you—come!

The pine trees sway as we leap to their branches,
The night wind laughs as we fly on its wings,
We whirl the stars with our wanton thyrsi,
Dionysus calls—we come!

Bathe in the fountains of milk and of honey,
Crush with your dances the new-plucked grapes,
Drink ruby madness, drink crystal pleasure,
Dionysus calls you—come!

We will dance with the fauns and the leaping stars,
We will drink cups of night and of dawn,
We will follow, follow your gleaming smile—
You call, Dionysus, we come!

J. Farrar.

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THE BOBBIN.

OLD Ben Ali stood in the doorway of his tiny shop and scowled up the dingy, narrow street. Now the streets of old Algiers are mostly in steps and stairs. Their darkness and their narrowness are, in the eyes of the inhabitants, their most agreeable features, since neither the summer sun nor the winter wind often strays in. In one of the steepest and narrowest and dirtiest of these streets stood the tiny shop where Ben Ali spun silk.

The street to-day was deserted. For two whole weeks not a person had come into the shop. Ben Ali's frown of perplexity had settled into a permanent scowl. How things had changed in the past few years. In the old days Ben Ali's shop used to fill the narrow street with its noisy clatter, for its occupant was a tireless worker. His equipment was poor indeed, and his machinery primitive, but the silk he spun was without parallel. His threads were finer than the finest hair, and as faultless, and very soft and shimmery. There had been days, the old fellow would tell himself as if to assuage his misery, when the women of the best families came always to buy of him, for his had been considered the finest silk in the city. Now the cursed French shops were taking all the trade from the old native workmen.

But during the past two weeks Ben Ali had not been idle. He stopped explaining his injuries to his old companions who hobbled up with long staff, shuffling slippers and nodding turban and seated themselves at his door. He finally became too ashamed to speak, and returned simply a grumbled, "Peace be on thee," whenever a familiar voice greeted him from the street. But he worked without stopping from the moment that the first slit of light stole down into the street till the voice from the mosque called him off to prayer. He should be the last to acknowledge that the French merchants had robbed him of his living.

There was little necessity for so great a show of energy, and he knew it. His shop was already overstocked. There were

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quite enough bobbins of spun silk in his racks to supply his few customers for a year at least. So in those two weeks he filled but one bobbin. Such care though, as he bestowed on those yards of thread! Two whole days were spent in getting just the right shade of dye; two more in dyeing and drying the crude material. (An Arab's movements, it must be remembered, are never lightninglike in their rapidity.) He gilded the bobbin in order that, he said, he might know it from its fellows in the rack. But I fear that very little good was wrought into it. The old fellow's heart was full to bursting with bitterness, and he made the common mistake of cursing those who would come next to buy instead of those who stayed away altogether. Every turn of the wheel had its accompanying malediction. "May whatever woman touches this silk be unfaithful to her husband, and may she bring him no children. May she die a violent death, and may her soul not rest in peace!" A thousand such evil wishes went into the beautiful shimmering stuff.

All workmen have their romantic tendencies. A tinsmith once in his hours of idleness made two shining suits of armor to adorn his shop. A shoemaker whose wealthiest patron was a charcoal man made a pair of gilt slippers fit for a princess. Old Ben Ali spun a thread of infinite unhappiness.

The thread was finished and the filled bobbin was placed upon the rack, and by way of respite from his labors, Ben Ali stood in his doorway and scowled up the street. Not that he was looking for trade, for he had reached a point now where it mattered little whether or not anyone came to his shop. In fact, the stillness of the past weeks, broken only by the monotonous clatter of the loom and by Ben Ali's muttered maledictions, had given to the place a sort of charm, not to be violated by squabbling purchasers.

The old man's reverie was disturbed by three shadows which fell along the street, shadows too wide to be those of his bony companions. Ben Ali turned a very unwelcome countenance down the street. Three women in baggy trousers and white robes stopped in front of his shop. Two of the women, he saw, were old, judging by the little of their faces that was visible. The third was young, for her forehead was smooth and her big eyes sparkled and danced. Ben Ali's commercial instincts re-

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turned somewhat, and by way of inviting them in to see his wares he stepped aside against the wall, and they came in.

The alert eyes of the youngest spied at once the newly-filled bobbin. How could they have failed to do so, for it shone among its brothers like a diamond among ordinary pebbles. She took it down with innocent curiosity, saying that it was just what she wanted, that it was as fine as her hair, as blue as the sky, and as delicate as a cob-web. Then followed much chattering, much examination, much bargaining. As is their custom, the old women refused to give Ben Ali more than half what he asked. Four times he rudely snatched the bobbin from their hands and placed it back upon the rack. As many times the women turned toward the door, screaming that they would not be robbed. But every time they returned, either because Ben Ali diminished his price by a sou, or because they augmented theirs similarly. At last the sale was completed; and the young one wrapped the bobbin in her kerchief and carried it from the shop. Old Ben Ali stood again in his doorway and sullenly watched them down the street. Then he put up his door and went home.

At his knock all the women of his household flocked into the court. They all appeared very much excited. There were his wife, his wife's mother, his widowed sister, his niece, his two married daughters, and his only unmarried daughter. Ben Ali slammed the door savagely.

"What does all this mean?" he cried. "Be off with you all. You come down without your veils, and how did you know that there was not a stranger with me?"

Ben Ali's quarrelsome speech erased much of the joy from the women's faces. His wife's mother, though, not to be silenced by a hundred sharp speeches, stepped out of the group.

"Small cause hast thou to be angry with us, Ben Ali, when thou shalt know the fine day's work we have done."

"Aou-ah!"

"Thou scoffest? Listen. We have found a suitable wife for thy son to-day."

Now that was different. Here was good news indeed; for Ben Ali had begun to fear that his beloved son, Said, now twenty-six, would pattern after the French in this as in other matters and

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would not marry at all. An Arab gentleman, however, must never approve of any plan formulated by a woman. He believes the proverb, "Ask thy wife and do the opposite to what she advises."

"A fine wife, no doubt," he said scornfully. "As poor as can be and without a tooth in her head. Tell me," turning to his wife, "what manner of woman hast thou chosen?"

"Thou hast already suggested her to me. The daughter of Mokrane—one of thine own family, though thou hast never seen her. She will bring us three fine mattresses, six woolen blankets, and two sheep. She is seventeen, and white, sidi, white as our son."

"White! Aou-ah! I'll wager she is as black as a negress. Thine eyes, gloating over the sheep and the blankets, let themselves be deceived. Besides, thou dost not know that our son will have aught to do with her."

"She is much whiter indeed than the women of the damned French race. And Said is pleased; he will go with me to-morrow to look upon her face."

"But the price? I suppose you have promised all I have for this flower."

"I promise nothing, sidi, without thy permission. But her father knows her worth. He asks six hundred francs."

Ben Ali grumbled still. "Six hundred francs. Aou-ah! We'll do better than that."

But he would have given the world, had it been his, to please this son, his youngest. That the girl was white was strongly in her favor. For his son was white as any European, and Ben Ali had long cherished a hope that some day he would unite him with a woman as white as he. This son was a selfish, ungrateful wretch, but in the Arab father's eyes, he was admirable. Had he not at seventeen had as thick a moustache as any man at twenty-five?

In the Arab city, though there are normal, ordinary human beings everywhere, one notices only the two widely divided types. One sees now and then, lounging in the doorway of some coffee-house or Moorish bath, a magnificent young creature who, with his smooth, strong neck, sparkling teeth, red lips, well poised head, and smouldering eyes, might well be put on canvas as the

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personification of Life. And crawling through the mud, or sitting stupidly like toads in the sun, one sees those other misshapen, scarred things, who must have drunk to the bottom that dark cup which God grant you and I may never taste.

When by chance you see one of these former—the fortunate ones—you see Ben Ali's son, Said. And because he had been so blessed, all that could be done to make him arrogant, vain, and disrespectful of women, had been done.

So the marriage of Yamine, daughter of Mokrane, and Ben Ali's son was brought about; and she came, with her blankets and her sheep, to live in Ben Ali's house.

The poor young wife got but little pleasure out of the bargain. She had been proud that day in her father's house when she had learned that she was to be the *first wife* of a *young man*. For she had always had a great fear lest it should some day fall to her lot to be the fourth wife of a fat old man. But before the end of her first month under old Ben Ali's roof she quite decided that—with the greatest respect for the charms of her splendid, young master, whom she greatly admired—she would have been equally happy as the fourteenth wife of the fattest old man in Algiers. There were women *enough* in her husband's family; and they appeared to have made a wager as to who could be most disagreeable to her. They all hated her because she was too pretty.

The old grandmother tormented her with stories of her husband's (imaginary) French mistresses. The mother, when the men were absent, made her work like a slave. The ugly old aunt, fat, with a huge wart on her chin, and only four teeth, assured her a dozen times a day that she was too thin and too short to be a member of so high a family. The cousin sneered at the quality of her clothes, her mattresses, and her blankets. The two married sisters refused altogether to speak to her; and the youngest sister, most odious because least lovely, lied to Ben Ali and Said about her conduct.

She was almost never alone with him. If they walked out together, three of the women, at least, had to accompany them. If she shut herself up with him in their room at the top of the house, the youngest sister never failed to come in and sit whim-

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pering before them to recount the latest insults which she of his flesh had received from this newcomer. Everywhere the mocking, scolding, complaining voices of her husband's family. Had he been other than what he was, he would have silenced it all; had she been other than what she was, she would have had strength and courage to demand silence.

Now, when one day Said came in from a café a bit unsettled and uncompanionable, the youngest sister whispered to him in the court that his wife that day had smiled on a stranger in the street. He went upstairs without replying, but the oaths and angry words which floated down through the court were pleasing to the sister. She had found a sharp weapon with which to torment the inoffensive little wife. She told Ben Ali, too, when he came in, and at supper the old man, scowling terribly at Yamini, said to his son, "If a man finds that his wife smiles on other men, he should either shut her up in the darkest room in the house or break all her bones. 'Fatten thy dog; it will eat thee. Let it hunger, and it will follow thee.'"

So while her tormentors grew fat on the pleasure her suffering gave them, the poor little wife grew daily thinner and thinner and less animated. This was all very displeasing to her lord and master who had chosen her only because of her roundness, rosiness, and vivacity. Consequently his love grew less ardent; and as his passion cooled his readiness to credit any tale invented by the sister was strengthened. Twice again this wretched woman, after being out with Yamini, told Said that the same young stranger had exchanged glances with his wife. The first time Yamini was roundly cursed. The second time she was beaten and locked in her room.

That evening when she was released from her room, her face swollen from blows and her eyes red from weeping, the sister smiled at her, whereat the tormented one spat in the sister's face and screamed at her, "Liar! Ugly, black, bony liar! May thou die husbandless and childless! Pig, daughter of a pig! May thy tongue swell in thy mouth so that thou canst not wag it. Liar! Liar!"

Later she slipped quietly out of the house and fled home to her father and mother. They, fearing that their daughter would be divorced and they would have to return the six hundred francs

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as well as support a disgraced woman, sent her back. Her husband beat her again.

And so matters went on for a month or more. One day as the husband and wife and unmarried sister were leaving the house for a little outing, a fair young Arab passed them and spoke smilingly to Yamini. She returned his salutation. Now this was a cousin whom she had not seen since her marriage. But the sister, seizing her brother's arm, cried out, "That is he! That is the stranger. Thou sawest him speak to her. Thou sawest her smile on him. He is getting bold that he comes now to the house to see thy wife."

Yamini opened her lips to protest against this falsehood, but her husband, eyes burning, nostrils wide, seized her by the throat, raised his arm and brought his great fist down on her shrinking face. She fell without uttering a sound, her head coming down sharply on the rough stones of the street.

"Get up!" commanded Saïd, glowering down upon her. But she did not move. The sister, a bit pleased, a bit frightened, ran into the house; and in a moment all the women were around the fallen girl, jostling, gesticulating, threatening. In two minutes a score of idlers from the coffee-house across the street had joined the group. The girl was dead.

When old Ben Ali came home from the shop the gendarmes had already borne his son off, and the body of the little wife had been carried into the house.

Ben Ali watched his chance and when all the whimpering, terrified women had left for a moment, he crept into the room where they had laid the poor white thing down. He had little reverence for the dead. He bent close to the still face, and clasping both her shoulders with his bony, unsteady hands, shook the body furiously. "Evil one," he cried, "Thou hast brought ruin into my house! Thou hast——" He stopped.

The hand that had rested on her shoulder brought the hem of her beflowered jacket nearer to his eyes. It was embroidered with blue silk, strangely beautiful silk—silk that shone with a soft luster in the darkened room, and seemed to have borrowed its color from the sky. Allah be merciful! It could not be *that silk!*

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The old man straightened up. On a little table in the corner stood a box full of sewing things. He frantically turned over the bits of cloth and lace which lay on the top, and discovered the needles and buttons and *thread* that lay at the bottom. It was there—shining and shimmering, unmistakable.

Old Ben Ali crawled up onto the terrace, sat down dumbly, all unmindful of the August sun, and stared out over the interminable white houses shining in the heat, over the far off sea; a half-used bobbin of blue silk clasped in his hand.

P. H. Townsend.

HARBOR SUNSET—NEW YORK.

Seaward, a sapphire sky is strung with veils
Of smoke from harbor-craft. White jets of steam
Arise in cottony clouds, pink-flushed, a-gleam
With slanting rays, that strike the gliding sails,
New-white, or brown and patched from fighting gales—
Like sheets of flashing gold the white sails seem.
The sun has gone, but one forgotten beam
Kindles to flame the Goddess' torch—then pales.

The city's myriad windows spring alight,
One after one, until the huge pile glows.
While on the water moving lamps appear,
Their long reflections telling which the night
And which the harbor. And above all goes
The slim young moon o'er sky, star-filled and clear.

Allan M. Price.

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PORTFOLIO.

SALUTAMUS.

Yours is the power and yours the sacred place
  That we have held throughout the long rich year,
The tyranny and more infrequent grace,
  The pride and pain and pleasure and good cheer.

Little enough to you who are our heirs
  We leave to mark where once we used to be
Only initials on the arms of chairs—
  Only a swiftly fading memory.

We keep a memory that fadeth not
  Which yet shall be our legacy to you;
The subtle magic of this quiet spot—
  The deathless spirit of Saint Elihu.

A. R. B.

"COME IN."

——I have often thought what a mysterious thing, fraught with infinite possibilities, the knock on a door is. It is the warning that something is about to happen, whether pleasant or otherwise not yet revealed. There are many kinds of knocks, all distinctive, all giving some clue to the personality without, who is seeking admittance. In college there is great opportunity to become expert in diagnosing the different types and from mere motives of self-preservation I take a considerable amount of pride in my ability to detect the character and mission of him who knocks upon my door. If one can recognize the knock of the bore, the bill collector, the borrower, a humiliating scene may often be avoided by slipping into one's bedroom till discouragement takes place on the other side of the door; or if he is persistent one can pretend to have been waked up from a much needed nap which gives one a certain emotional advantage.

The other evening, forced to perform the mental acrobatic feat of preparing a half term's work in a few hours to meet a disconcerting series of questions to be propounded the next day, I settled myself at my desk, took one last look at the Maxfield Parrish hung in the place of honor on the wall, and tried to get

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down to the most painful process of acquiring knowledge. Just as I had got into the spirit of the thing and ceased to think of one Mary Terry, who was indirectly responsible for my scholastic deficiencies and who displayed a most admirable and distressing ability to hide her regard (which I was sure she had for me) there came a knock at my door. It was a moderately soft, conciliating knock, yet insistent withal. It seemed to say, "I'm sorry this must be done, but I know you are there and you might as well give in and save time."

"Come in," I yelled crossly.

A man appeared wearing spectacles and burdened with a rather frayed moustache. He expressed approval of the interior decoration of my room, and gazed appreciatively at the Maxfield Parrish. *I* gazed significantly at my watch. At length in a off-hand way he offered to give me a year's subscription to *Current Opinion* free. I expressed an entire willingness to receive this munificent gift and gave him my address. But he seemed loth to go and finally with a dramatic gesture ripped out of his pocket a cardboard contraption which, when unfolded, revealed the backs of a set of books ornamented with much gilt. It then developed that this free offer depended upon my investing in the horrors of an absolutely unexpurgated edition of de Maupassant. It took me some time to persuade him that I had long ago exhausted that eminent Frenchman's treasures and that I wished to be alone.

But I was to have no peace. Almost immediately upon the eviction of my literary friend there followed a knock with a false sense of assurance; loud and yet a little faltering at the end. I knew it was some Freshman heeler, and so it turned out to be. He was a washed-out individual with a callow complexion and peculiar eyes, restless and shy. Just now his mission in life was to convince undergraduates that Lacrosse was a game worthy of the most loyal patronage, a patronage which would be amply repaid by the thrills of the game, thrills beside which those of baseball and football sink into insignificance. By paying $2 for a commutation ticket I would save 35 per cent. and would be supporting an estimable cause. I was fully equal to this situation. A few delicate sarcasms on his high-finance reasoning and an inquiry if Lacrosse did not resemble bowling in its essentials, sent the abashed heeler from the room.

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For half an hour I was permitted to study when I was disturbed by a very timid, hesitating tap on the door. It was a disturbing knock with the strength of feminine weakness. I felt trouble coming and when my washer-woman entered I knew it had come. This good lady, of African descent, has apparently passed the Biblical way post for all good men and true to die. Her skin is like very old parchment and only a pair of very black, sparkling eyes behind steel rimmed spectacles gives the lie to her professed defeat in Life's struggle. Strategically speaking, I made a mistake by letting her start the attack. Heaven knows I had enough ammunition in the shape of singed shirts, socks without mates and missing clothes generally. But she, starting first, it was revealed to me that she was suffering from a goodly number of dangerous complaints including failing eyesight, while her lungs were rapidly becoming ineffective owing to the malevolent influence of the New Haven climate. (I sympathized silently with her there.) It also developed that not only she, but all her near and distant relatives, from whom she might expect to receive support, were physically disabled as well. Finally, after this preamble, which was given with much extraneous detail, she came to the point. Would I give her a month's pay in advance? Being a soft hearted fool I did, and she departed before I had a chance to inform her that I preferred my white flannels ironed in the orthodox way rather than in the way she is accustomed to press pajama legs.

Then, as in a Greek Tragedy, Fate ruled triumphant, and horror was piled on horror. There was no rest for me. Tailors' representatives contended for my patronage; all the places I owed bills to took this particular night to collect. Their knocks were harsh, insistent, menacing. A "special delivery" messenger announced himself with a brief hammer at the door and then walked in without waiting for my answer. The letter turned out to be from my father demanding a detailed and plausible explanation of my 1.90 in Latin, and what the Dean had meant when he had written:—"he (that is I) shows a certain spirit of conviviality which is not in entire accord with the scholastic atmosphere of the institution." This depressing tit-bit distracted me for some time while I thought up phrases which I hoped might put the Dean's remarks in a rather euphemistic light. Another knock at the door aroused me. It was an impersonal, impatient

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knock of one habitually in a hurry. Despairing and disgusted, in a mood for homicide at least, I yanked open the door none too gently. A messenger boy! Now, I very seldom receive telegrams and I am always excited when one comes, an excitement coupled with a slight fear and anticipation. I tore open the yellow envelope and with somewhat trembling fingers, read,

"Will you come down for week-end? Nobody else coming.

(Signed) Mary."

I delighted the messenger boy with a $1 tip being overcome with my good fortune and feeling kindly towards all. So the evening was not wasted after all, and I readily forgave all the other knocks for the sake of that last one,—fatal, impenetrable, impersonal, bringing joy or sorrow indifferently. A splendid knock to which I shall always be delighted to call, "come in."

T. R. Coward.

IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE

——The author of this treatise in no wise pretends to scientific eminence. On the contrary, he has always been known to his few friends as the "timid scientist." That is why he offers his present contribution to the knowledge of the scientific world with so many blushes and modest bobs of the head. He does not feel at all sure of the ground under his feet, and yet he doesn't feel justified in withholding his rather extraordinary discovery. Briefly, here are the facts.

On the third of last January, he chanced to jam the thumb nail of his hand—the left hand—within the door of a motor. The accident was not severe enough to cause the moulting of the nail, but it was sufficiently severe to cause a fleecy, milk white cloud to appear at the quick.

It chanced that same evening, the author was gazing into the heavens, as is his wont after the evening meal. He noted with interest that Alhena, *gamma Geminorum,* has just risen. It had been some nine months since he had seen Alhena, and he warmly welcomed her back to the heavenly fold.

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Three months went their course. Alhena had culminated on February 8, and was fast sinking in the Southwest. The fleecy cloud on his thumb nail had nearly disappeared. Only a few misty wisps were left. The author had noticed two months before the profound sympathy in motion between these two bodies. He closeted himself in his laboratory, often forgetting his meals, working on a theory. He divulged not a word of his secret to anyone. His family was somewhat distressed, it is true, but they suffered silently in the cause of science.

On the night of the second of March, the author assembled his family and his closest friends in his laboratory at 2:02 A. M. He was dressed simply, but neatly, in a frock coat. They sat quietly before him respecting his intense feeling. Nothing was heard in the room, but the quick catch and feathering of breaths. At the end of an hour, the author was sufficient master of himself to address the company.

"My friends, and closest of kin," he began. "This night will be a momentous one for me. If, as I fondly hope, my calculations have been correct, I shall be famous to-morrow! (Sensation.) On the third of January, I bruised the nail on this thumb, (holding it up), causing a cloud to form upon it. At identically the same moment Alhena rose in the East. (Sensation, and rustle of silk petticoats.) A month later I chanced upon this amazing discovery, *Alhena was apparently traveling across the sky at identically the same speed the cloud was traveling across the thumb nail!* (One of the ladies fainted and was carried out.) By means of my calipers and sidereal compass I was able to ascertain just the moment when Alhena should sink in the Southwest and just when the tip of the cloud should move off the pink part of the nail. Friends, the next twenty-nine minutes will see the success or failure of my work, for if my theory is correct both will disappear at 4:22 A. M." (All the ladies fainted and even the strongest men were pale.)

Posts were placed at the window with telescopes trained on Alhena. A group of six gathered about the author's thumb, making it the focus of a powerful battery of microscopes. The author lay back inert, cold sweat on his brow.

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The clock struck. At the same instant the posts at the window cried, "She's down," and the watchers of the nail cried, "She's over!"

. . . . . .

Theory—Nails, (the horny scales or plates of epidermis at the end of the fingers and toes of man and many apes) grow at precisely the same rate in which the sidereal bodies travel across the sky.

The author realizes that to a certain extent his investigations are incomplete. They lack the finality he could wish. For this he is apologetic. Meanwhile, busied with further research, he timidly pushes forth his theory.

Wilmarth S. Lewis.

LES BELLES DAMES.

Insipid, wistful maids of Greuze,
  Full-bosomed flirts of Fragonard,
Vigée's dames of lace and furs,
  Your eyes smile faintly and afar,—
Into the mist your charm fast blurs.

Lancret's bold-lipped wantons pout,
  Sweet Emma Hamilton's soft call
Languishes in her eyes devout.
  Boucher's Love-Queens faintly fall
On beds of cloud. A ghostly shout
Echoes the clamour that once was Love's.
Your might's now gentle as your doves,
  Dear, faded ladies of by-gone thrall.

R. B. Barrett.

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MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Hockey Scores.

Yale, 2; Harvard, 0.
Yale, 5; Philadelphia Wanderers, 3.
Yale, 2; Princeton, 3 (extra period).
Yale, 0; Harvard, 5.

Basketball Scores.

Yale, 25; Pennsylvania, 10.
Yale, 27; Pennsylvania, 23.
Yale, 75; Springfield, 20.
Yale, 45; Columbia, 18.
Yale, 34; Cornell, 16.
Yale, 48; Wesleyan, 29.

Junior Fraternity Elections.

Psi Upsilon:

1918—Robert Bernard Menapace; Adrian Osborn Morse.

Beta Theta Pi:

1918—Rollin Sanford Saltus, Jr.; Dudley A. Williams.

The Elizabethan Club

Announced the election of: Philip G. Bartlett, '81, of New York; Oliver B. Cunningham, 1917, of Evanston, Ill., and Oliver B. Jennings, 1917, of New York.

Yale Record.

The 1918 *Record* Board organized as follows: Chairman, L. E. M. Mayer, 1918; Art Editor, Wheeler Williams, 1918 S.; Managing Editor, T. N. Crawford, 1918 S.; Business Manager, C. D. Backus, 1918; Circulation Manager, M. F. Sosa, 1918.

Chi Delta Theta

Announced the election of: Philip J. Q. Barry, 1918, Deane W. Colton, 1918, and Richmond B. Barrett, 1918.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

—"AND STRAIGHT AHEAD."

The solemn ivied walls look down
In silence crowding in upon the elms.
The breeze behinted with the cool young spring
Whispers the hours a drowsy rockaby.
Together arm in arm, the campus crossed
We pause at the dividing where the path
Turns left to Old South Middle; right to Van.
And linger foolishly—
Waiting for one to break the spirit of the hour.
Last night we parted with a laugh and hurried on
Squandering the silver moments of the dark,
A boy with laughter in his heart and eyes
And careless what to-morrow's light might bring.
To-night 'tis hard to break apart
The minutes we have lost come hovering 'round
And whisper on the breeze like ghosts of dreams,
Gray dreams that faded as we woke,
"Lost hours are back to whisper old regrets."
"Good night." The silent spell is rifted as by flame.
The warm breeze shivers of old snows.
The path turns left to Old South Middle; right to Van
And straight ahead to that which no one knows.

His father was a bird of crimson hue,
With plumaged head of purple and old gold.
E'en his tail feathers shone with splendor too.

But he? A duckish looking fowl of barnyard day
Who patiently sought the angle worms
While those about him caught the gold moth gay.

At last when he had waddled his last wad
And young bright birds were hot to take his place
And he could feel the pressure of the sod

Near dead
He said
Beware young cuckoos flying high and free
Lest long there come a gentle little gale
When chasing pretty butterflies you be
And you star high, be blown out 'yond the pale.

SIII.

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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES"

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